



Dennis The MENACE

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No. 15



Art

Dennis THE MENACE



"YOUR FOOT IS AWKWARD, DADDY. BEATS ME IF IT BEATS THE OTHERS ALL!"



"WHERE'S YOUR COLLAR? SHEETSWARTY?"



"I LIKE DIRT ~~LOTS~~ BETTER THAN THAT HONEY TRAIL!"



"BEAT YOURSELF WHEN YOU SWART ~~HEAD~~ ~~BE~~ FEED IT TO GARY!"

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DENNIS

VS.

TEXAS



Who?
Why,
UNCLE
AL!

You're
in TOWN?
Why SURE
come out
for dinner
this
evening!

We
have
a guest
room,
so plan
to spend
a few
days
with us!



I
didn't
know
you had
an Uncle
AL.

He's just in from
Texas - haven't seen
him for 10 or 15
years!

I haven't,
too!





Uncle Al never married. He's been all alone down there in Texas... **SAY!**

Has he got lotsa horses Dad?



I dunno, son, but after all these years in Texas he must be one of those Texas millionaires! And I'M his favorite nephew!!

Me too?



Now, *HENRY!* You're *not* thinking...

SURE! He *COULD* leave all his money to *US!*



Dream on, dear. I'll start dinner. You get Dennis cleaned up,

A hundred thousand? *FIVE* hundred thousand? *A MILLION* bucks! **WOW!**

HEY! WAKE UP, DAD!



Yeah, let's go, Dennis. We want to make a good impression on Uncle Al. *Good ol' Uncle Al! Good ol' Texas!*

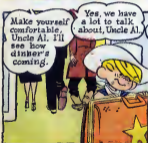
I'll put on my good ol' cowboy suit!



CATTLE RANCHES! \$
COTTON FARMS! \$
OIL WELLS! \$

OUCH! YOU'RE SCRUBBIN' MY EARS OFF!

**BING
BONG
BONG**



Sorry, Uncle Al. Dennis... go help your Mother in the Kitchen!

OKAY.. but they ARE dirty!



What have you been doing in Texas all these years? Cotton? Cattle?

Nope. I'm in OIL, Henry



Oil.. eh? Well! How many...



DINNER'S READY!



Don't sit too close! I SPLASH!

I'll splash you right back, young'un



Uncle Al is in OIL, dear

Oh, really?

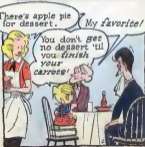
I was 'in oil this afternoon, an I got spanked!



There's apple pie for dessert.

My favorite!

You don't get no dessert 'til you finish your carrots!



Well, that was a purty good dinner!

And don't forget... you're staying with us a few days

I hope he don't snore!

YOU go look at a book and be quiet!

Cigar, Uncle Al?

Don't mind if I do?



Is this a real ten-gallon hat, Uncle Al?

Go up to your room, Dennis! Don't BOTHER us!

US!

Have you seen any of the rest of the family lately, Uncle Al?

Nope, you're the first one I've seen in y'ars. You

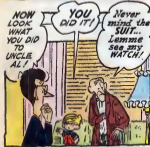
allus was my favorite

\$\$\$

Well I'm glad to hear that!

Ye sssir, ever since you was a little tad I...

THIS OL' HAT'S A FAKE!





We'll get you another watch tomorrow

NOT LIKE THAT ONE!

How 'bout a toy auto?

How about YOU going to bed?



I WANNA PLAY FIRST!

Heh, heh! I DO play with him just before bedtime!



I wanna play *Borgie* on a real TEXAS horse!

Wa-al as long as you're goin' to bed...



OOF! Haven't done this in y'ars!

DENNIS! Get down from there and...



WHEEEE

URK!

OH, NO!

WHOMP



MARCH RIGHT UPSTAIRS TO BED, YOUNG MAN!

Are you all right, Uncle Al?

uh!



I'm awfully sorry Uncle Al. Dennis just...

Oh, my!

Just bury me on the lone prairie



LET ME OUTTA HERE!

But we want you to **STAY** with us, Uncle Al!

Yes, please do!



With *THAT* little maverick? **NO THANKS!** Lucky I got just enough money to get back to Texas!

Just enough?



GOODBYE, NEPHEW!

G. good-bye Uncle Al!

WHAM!

Henry, look what your **MILLIONAIRE** Uncle dropped.



He was in **OIL**, all right!



Of course Dennis shouldn't have behaved like that but...

If he hadn't, your **RICH** Uncle might have been here for **months!**













It was a gray, unpleasant day, with the slush wet and cold underfoot, but to Jimmy Lloyd, hurrying home from school, it was one of the happiest days of his young life. This evening he was going to participate in his first Boy Scout Court of Honor — and during the ceremony he was going to be awarded his very first merit badge.

He burst into the kitchen, dropped his books on the table, and called out: "Hi, Mom! I'm home! Where are you?"

"You're in the hall, telephoning," his mother called.

Jimmy helped himself to some cookies and a glass of milk. He hoped his mother had pressed his Scout uniform for tonight. He went into the hallway, and was surprised to see a concerned look on his mother's face.

"What's wrong, Mom?" he asked, as soon as she hung up.

"Your sister is sick. It's nothing serious, just a cold, but the trouble is, she had promised to sit with the Farr's little boy tonight, and now she can't go."

"Well, he has got somebody else," Jimmy said.

"Mr. Farr has been trying to — and so have I. But everyone we can think of is busy tonight." Mrs. Lloyd looked thoughtfully at Jimmy. "I have to stay here with your father. If your father wasn't working tonight, he could take her place. And so, Jimmy, I guess it's up to you."

"Mom! Jimmy protested. "I'm going to my first Court of Honor tonight to get my merit badge, remember? I can't do it, Mom! And baby sitting is for girls, anyway!"

"I know how important your Court of Honor is to you, Jimmy," his mother told him. "But isn't helping others one of the big things in Scouting? Mr. Farr was depending on Linda tonight, and it turns out that we'll have to depend on you. You see, Mrs. Farr has been out West for her health, and Mr. Farr is going to meet her at the airport tonight to bring her home. That long bus ride wouldn't be very good for her. So, Jimmy, what do you say?"

"Well, gosh, all right," Jimmy said. He knew it was the right thing to do, but that didn't lessen

his disappointment. "I guess I'd better call the Scoutmaster."

Mr. Scovett, the Scoutmaster, seemed surprised when Jimmy explained to him. And his voice sounded funny when he said "I understand, Jimmy. We'll all miss you."

Jimmy was so disappointed he hardly noticed what they had for supper. And he began to worry, too. He had never missed a meeting — what would happen because he missed this very important one? Maybe they wouldn't give him his merit badge at all!

Trudging through the slush toward the Farr's house, Jimmy snapped on his flashlight occasionally to avoid puddles. And because it was his official Scout flashlight, that reminded him all over again of the ceremony he was missing.

Mr. Farr opened the door for him and said: "Say, this is certainly nice of you, Jimmy. I was beginning to think we wouldn't get anybody to take care of little Mike this evening. You can do it, can't you?"

"Sure," Jimmy said. "I won a merit badge for First Aid." And he wondered — but will I ever get it?

"Hi, Jimmy," little Mike said. And Mr. Farr told Jimmy what he was to do, then he was gone.

Jimmy and Mike watched television until Mike's bedtime. Mike laughed at all the shows, but nothing seemed very funny to Jimmy. He helped Mike undress and turned on the electric heater in his room, as Mr. Farr had told him to, then went downstairs to sit out the evening.

He couldn't get interested in any of the magazines, and didn't want to turn on the TV set because Mike was sleeping. Then, looking through the newspaper, he noticed that the local radio station was broadcasting the Court of Honor. Eagerly he turned the set on very low, and was in time to hear the last of the ceremony making the Scout of honor an Eagle Scout. Then came the awarding of merit badges, and Jimmy heard his friends being given their awards. Suddenly, right in the middle of the program, the set went dead and all the lights went out!

"This sure is my lucky day," Jimmy grumbled.

as he felt around in the dark for his flashlight. "What a noise for a fuse to blow out!"

He found the flashlight and turned it on, and started for the cellar to search for the fuse box. Then, faintly, he heard the sound of Mike crying. Jimmy dashed through the living room, and up the bedroom stairs two at a time. Halfway up, he smelled smoke!

Mike was sitting up in bed, pointing to smoke curling out of the floorboard near the electric heater. Even as Jimmy looked, the board burst into flames that curled dangerously near the window curtain. "C'mon, Mike—let's go play hide and seek," he said. He threw Mike's bathrobe toward him and guided him downstairs to the living room.

"You go hide in the dining room," Jimmy told the little fellow. "But I can't find you there!" And as Mike ran happily off, Jimmy dialed the number of the fire department and reported the fire. Then Jimmy set about doing something to control the blaze. After all, he knew, the safety of the whole house was his responsibility.

Outside the back door, he found the garden hose still hooked up, and the faucet luckily not frozen. He was just turning it on when he remembered something. The fire had started in the floorboard behind the electric heater, so it must have been caused by defective wiring. And pouring water on an electrical blaze, he knew from his Scout training, would just make more short-circuits—perhaps cause a major fire!

Jimmy ran down the cellar, found the fuse box, and pulled the main switch. Then he dashed upstairs to the back door, turned on the hose, and with the nozzle closed pulled the heavy hose upstairs and into the bedroom. The window curtains were blazing now, and the wallpaper on one whole wall was smoking, but when Jimmy opened the nozzle the stream of water quickly subdued the flames.

Soon, three men came outside, and Jimmy went downstairs to open the door for the firemen. As he passed the dining room, he called: "C'mon, Mike! See the firemen!", and Mike came running on, excited about this new "game." When the Chief ran up the front steps, Jimmy told him: "It's a fire in the wiring, upstairs in the bedroom."

"Get a chemical extinguisher!" the Chief ordered one of his men. "No—wait a minute! Better throw the main switch first!"

"I already did that," Jimmy said. "And I think I got the fire pretty well under control with the garden hose."

"All right, Clancy—upstairs with you!" the Chief said. Then he looked at Jimmy. "That was mighty smart of you, son! Say, aren't you Jimmy Lloyd? My boy told me you were going to get a merit badge with this tonight at the Court of Honor."

"Yes," Jimmy said, "but I had to take my sister's place, baby-sitting for little Mike, here."

"And it was mighty lucky you did!" the Chief said warmly. Just then, Mr. and Mrs. Farr hurried in, worried and apprehensive. When they saw Mike

was safe, none of their worry remained. "But the fire . . ." Mr. Farr said, ". . . is it serious?"

The fireman with the chemical extinguisher came down the stairs and answered that question: "All out, Chief!" And the Chief told the Farrs—

"You were mighty fortunate to have Jimmy here tonight. He knew enough to pull the main switch before doing anything about the fire in the wiring. Anyone else would probably have thrown water on it, and we'd really have had trouble on our hands." Then he turned to Jimmy: "Missing your Court of Honor turned out to be a real good turn all around!"

Mr. Farr said: "I didn't know you gave up a Court of Honor just to help us out!"

Jimmy nodded. "I was supposed to get my merit badge in First Aid tonight," he said. "But I guess I can get that later."

"I used to be a Scout," Mr. Farr said, "and I know when making the ceremony tonight must have meant to you. But I know your Scoutmaster very well, and I think perhaps we can arrange a special ceremony—just for you."

"Along with that merit badge," the Chief said, "I think the Mayor will want to present Jimmy with an official letter of commendation. His action tonight is something everybody should know about!" for their own protection.

"Gosh, thanks, Chief! Thanks, Mr. Farr!" Jimmy said.


"Come on, Jimmy," the Chief said. "I'll give you a ride home."

And as the Chief's big red sedan cut through the night, Jimmy was happy again—and he thought that baby-sitting wasn't just for girls, after all.



RUFF TO THE RESCUE!





St Bernards are big dogs, like Ruff, that go out and find travelers lost in the snow.

Like bloodhounds, huh?

Well, sort of. Then the people who own these dogs feed the lost travelers and send them on their way again.

Yeah! We could do that... only...



Only **WHAT?**

The snow's too cold for his feet!

HEY! I know what we'll do!

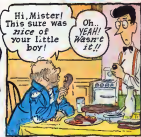
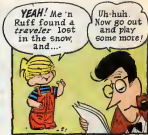
I'm glad **you** know!



STAND STILL, BOY! We'll fix you up!

NOW we'll find those lost peoples!





**FEEL LIKE DOIN' SOME COLORING?
HERE'S ANOTHER COLORING PAGE!**



**"What are you and Daddy mad about?
Didn't you phone Billy Walker's and tell me to
get home as fast as I could?"**

SCREAMY

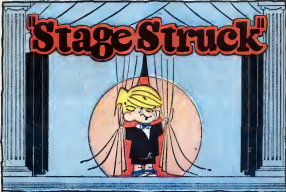
Mimi















Now doesn't it feel nice to be all dressed up?

It feels like we're goin' to church!



After you, Madame!

Thank you, kind sir!

C'mon! Let's get goin'!



Doesn't this remind you of our courting days, Henry?

Uh-huh

WHAT days?



That was before your time, dear

Oh, like the good ol' days, huh?



Here's a break - a parking place right near the theatre

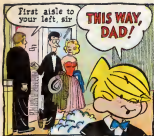
Cut 'er hard, Dad!



Do you have three on the aisle?

I wanna sit in a **SEAT!**

DENNIS!

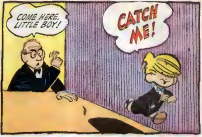






OBOY!
DRUMS!

BOOM!



COME HERE,
LITTLE BOY!

CATCH
ME!



COME
BACK
HERE,
YOU!

GOSH!
A secret
tunnel!



Need
any
help,
Mister?

?



I dunno *WHERE*
he went! I thought
YOU were watching
him!



GODD GORR!
HE MUST HAVE
GOTTEN
BACKSTAGE!

OH,
FINE!

LIGHTS!

HEY!

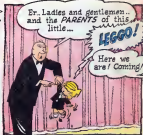
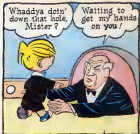
TURN 'EM
ON!

WHAT'S
GOIN' ON
PPP

EEEEK!

HEY!





Dennis THE MENACE



"WAT A NERVE, DID I MARRIED HIM THAT THE SACRILEGIOUS TO BEYOND?"



"I HATED SOME BONES FOR YOUR GARAGE DISPOSAL."



"VERY FUNNY FOR NOW ABOUT GETTING ME THE ONE I 'BROKE'?"



"MAY YOU GO WITH THE SPIN, BACON
CREAM IN THE ORANGE JUICE?"





The Dennis Project

DENNIS THE MENACE # 15
March 1956 - Standard / Pines

"DENNIS VS. TEXAS" 2 PGS

"TRACK!" 2 PGS

"COURT OF HONOR" (TEXT STORY) 2 PGS
WRITER UNKNOWN

"RUFF TO THE RESCUE!" 4 PGS

"SCREAMY MIMI" 4 PGS

"STAGE STRUCK" 2 PGS

STORY AND ART FOR THE ENTIRE ISSUE BY THE
LEGENDARY FRED FOLEY AND AL ROSENAN

36 Pages Total - Over to Over COMPLETE

HaCSA
Presents

... ANOTHER ESCAPE SCAN
PROUD MEMBER SINCE DAY ONE!

